# The Sketch

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PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO LISA.

## THEIR MAJESTIES AND AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

*This delightfully informal portrait-group of* THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN *shows them with an intimate member of their family circle—one of the pet Corgis to which the Princesses are so devoted. The Queen is inviting the dog to a game with a large, newly-rolled ball of knitting wool, while the King watches with a smile.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

**The Great Cuckoo Ramp.** The cuckoo is a tiresome bird, God wot! Why people make such a song and dance about him I can't imagine. They have always done so. They began about 800 years ago, when some irresponsible Spring Poet, with small literary talent and absolutely no idea of spelling, wrote:

Sumer is i-cumen in
Murie sing cuckoo.

A bare-faced literary ramp! The cuckoo arrives in this country about the second week in April, and in the second week of April summer is no more i-cumen in than my Fat Aunt Clara is i-cumen in. Anybody who shudders under the icy blasts of the English mid-April, and talks about summer, does not know how to cumen in out of the rain. And anybody who can blurb about the cuckoo as a sweet little pet among birds, worthy to be hailed with joy by poets and by letter-writers to *The Times*, is lacking in all true moral sense; for the cuckoo is, in fact, a person of the most disreputable private life and habits, and a disgrace to the whole bird world.

*"We've only one kind of soup, Sir, and when you said 'Clear soup!' the waiter naturally took it for a word of command and took it away."*

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

**A Feathered Cad.**

As is well known, it is either too incompetent or too lazy to build its own nest. It is the most unblushing gate-crasher in nature. When a hen-cuckoo wishes to lay an egg, she not merely lays it in somebody else's nest, but she shamelessly pushes out one of the resident eggs in order to steal room for her own. Not content with that, she carries off and devours the egg which she has wronged! She is absolutely lacking in maternal instinct, and allows all the hard, if sedentary, work of hatching to be done by the defrauded mother—who, apparently, is fool enough to do it for her. To add a touch of meanness, the interloping egg imitates the colour and design of the resident eggs. The unsuspecting foster-mother hatches out the intruder, and then, from earliest infancy, the degraded character of the cuckoo appears in its true light. The little wretch makes his appearance before any of his stepbrothers; and then—would you believe it?—being the elder and stronger, he deliberately pushes out and assassinates every other member of the family as soon as it is born, until he is in sole possession of the nest and can wolf all the rations! If Shakespeare is to be believed, he will go even further, and turn on his own foster-mother.

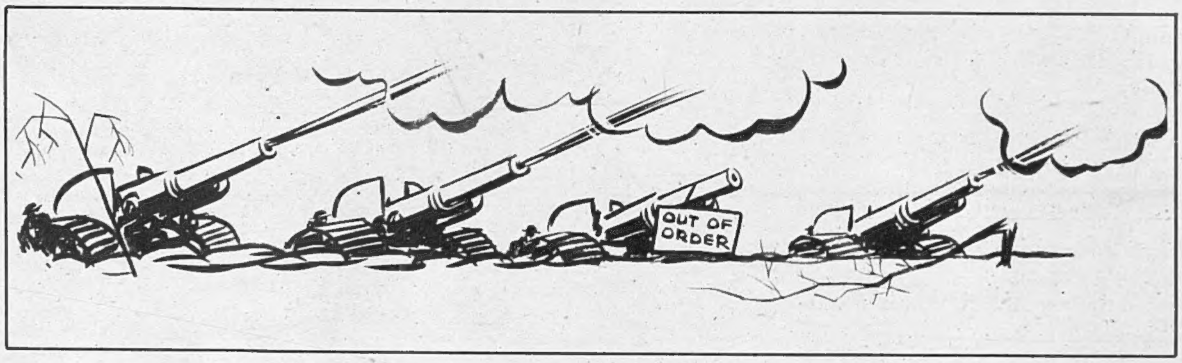
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
That it had its head bit off by its young.

Did you ever hear of such a cad? A gross feeder, too, devouring hairy caterpillars and other offal which no decent bird would look at. And this is the "harbinger of the Spring" that all the poets rave about

**The Co-respondent Bird.** How the Elizabethans would have laughed if they had seen all the letters to the papers heralding the first cuckoo! It was as good as your reputation was worth to mention the creature in Elizabethan society. From the cuckoo's well-earned reputation as a home-buster was derived the dread word "cuckold," and to the broad humour of those outspoken times (as in France to-day) there was, apparently, nothing in the world so excruciatingly funny as an injured husband. A cuckoo was as certain of a roar from the gallery as a lodger, a kipper or a mother-in-law to-day. Another pleasing aspect of the reputation of this sordid bird! Why, it can't even sing—it's only fit to make clocks out of (grammar!). Tell me no more of cuckoos and the Spring—a single daffodil is worth the whole lot of these breakers-up of happy homes!

**The Bells of St. Clement's.** Far more important than the coming of the cuckoo is the coming of the orange. Indeed, the arrival in this country of a galleon carrying 26,000 ingots of gold from the Spanish Main would arouse less interest than the arrival, after more perils of the deep than Drake's caravels ever encountered, of 26,000 cases of Spanish oranges. Now the orange has never struck me as a fruit for which I would sell my birthright. It is charming to look at, whether on the table or on the tree; indeed, I know no form of vegetation more attractive to sight and scent than an orange-grove in full fruit. But it is a great nuisance to eat. It has to be dismembered by a major operation which is far from bloodless and which not one person in a hundred can perform neatly. But it is an immensely popular fruit and in normal times flows into this country in a vast golden cataract. This boom it undoubtedly owes to the medical profession, and orange-juice is now considered one of the absolute vitaminiferous necessities of life. There are, indeed, those who find the Way to Health in subsisting wholly on oranges. I am afraid they must find some other Way to Health nowadays, for the Bells of St. Clement's are denied their traditional theme. But, unselfishly surrendering my share to those who pant after the orange-juice, I hope the 26,000 cases have done something to restore flagging vitamins.

**Yes, We Have No Cigarettes.** A blunt notice on a fruiterer's shop, "No Oranges," would not move me much more deeply than a notice, "No Mangoes." But when I go from shop to shop and am confronted with the brutal words, "No Cigarettes," then, I confess, my spirits sink. Yes, yes, I know—war is not an unmixed evil; we are all the better for having to live more simply, and it will be very good for me, in health and in pocket, to cut down my smoking; you can spare me all that Parish Letter stuff, for I know every word of it by heart! As usual, I am thinking not of myself, but of others. I would seriously regard it as a national misfortune if we suffered a real tobacco famine. It was my observation during the Other War that gaspers were absolutely essential to morale. In times of stress, mild and harmless sedatives or stimulants are imperatively demanded by the average human organism, and experience has proved the two most valuable and convenient comforters to be tobacco and tea—far more essential than your laboratory vitamins! Many will join me in testimony that in bad times and tight corners, men (and women) can bear a shortage of food more easily than a shortage of tea and tobacco. The thought of going through a bad *Blitz* without a fag to calm and support is really appalling to millions of mortals.




*Very civil defence!*

DRAWN BY ST. JOHN COOPER.

**Agony of an Addict.** As every ounce of tobacco has to be borne overseas, the difficulties are obviously great and a diminution is only to be expected. But I do hope—I do not pretend to know—that when it comes to assigning priorities, tobacco is not pushed aside as a mere " luxury " import. Food, I admit (though rather grudgingly), must come first, but tobacco should be regarded as at least a secondary kind of foodstuff. Non-smokers, of course, will scoff at me, but let them remember, when they dismiss nicotine as mere poison, that one man's poison is, quite literally, another man's food. The " poison " accusation is most unscientific, for all sorts of poisons are excellent food ; for example, the spinach which (God help you !) you consider so healthful, is simply stiff with arsenic. It is quite dreadful to think of the quantities of deadly poisons which vegetarians habitually consume. If, my Lord Food Controller and Mr. Shipping Controller, you spurn my plea as the mere wail of an unsatisfied drug-addict, please refer to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He, I fancy, will have strong arguments in favour of as large an importation and sale of the noxious weed as is reasonably possible. If you still remain unconvinced, put the matter before the Prime Minister himself and obtain *his* opinion of the value of nicotine in peace and war.

**Ruined by an Onion.** Has not some bright mind, at some time or other, observed that truth is stranger than fiction ? During war, truth becomes so wildly improbable that no fiction-writer who knew his job would touch it with a pair of tongs. The other day, in what we have been schooled to call a North-Western town, a Swedish sailor committed the heinous crime of stealing twelve pounds of onions. If he had robbed a bank, or stolen the Crown Jewels, the matter might have been overlooked, since he bore a blameless character ; but in view of the gravity of the offence and the public alarm which had been caused, he had to come before the local Bench. This was his account of his recent experiences before he fell from grace : captured by the British when serving in a foreign ship ; then served in several British ships ; torpedoed and rescued, half-drowned ; getting along nicely when—torpedoed again ; he and nineteen other seamen in an open boat for *three weeks*—sixteen died ; four survivors, more dead than alive, rescued and clapped by the Vichy authorities into a concentration camp in Casablanca ; joined up with a few pals, escaped from Casablanca and rowed over to Gibraltar in a cockle-shell boat ; there joined a British ship and sailed for England, and this time, by some strange oversight, escaped all disasters—until he saw the onions. I did not know that anybody except film-actors was so indestructible. That one who had survived such experiences should be undone by an onion ! However, he was not undone irreparably, as the magistrates dismissed him with a caution. If, by this time, he is not clinging to a spar in mid-Atlantic, he has gone off his game.

**A Fine Body of Men.** Have you heard of the Alliance Culinaire Française ? Probably not ; it has not attracted much attention ; and yet it is a most important organisation in the war effort. It comprises a large number of Free French chefs, of higher or lower degree, from the West End. I read that " chefs from the kitchens of the big luxury hotels rub shoulders with the humblest cooks from the little restaurants. All have the same object in view : to give their patrons the best value possible ; to make a small ration of meat or fish taste like a banquet dish." A nobler aim it is difficult to conceive. Ah, if this invaluable organisation could be multiplied tenfold and sent throughout the length and breadth of the land ! If they could bring to every home—yes, and to every regiment—the miracle of the Loaves and Fishes ! But I confess I should not envy them their task, and I should not prophesy for them instant and widespread success among the matrons and maids of this tin-opening realm.

*" Say, I wonder if we 're in a reserved occupation ? "*
DRAWN BY GLENN.

**Cooked Jewels.** " Still in our ashes," sang the poet, " live our wonted fires." You never know what may be growing in ashes nowadays—they are all worth sifting, and it is a great mistake, which may cost you a lot of money, to regard them as a waste product. Not long ago, thousands of pounds'-worth of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, and so many other precious stones that they sound like the " Arabian Nights," were recovered from a strong-room which stood intact and imperturbable amid a sad heap of ashes in Plymouth. Soon after, two members of a rescue squad in London found £5000-worth of diamonds in the smoking ruins of a Hatton Garden office. The Chinaman, it is well known, burnt down his house in order to roast his pig ; the same method can hardly be recommended for the discovery of precious stones, but it does lend a little romance to the accidents of war to think that a handful of ashes may contain the Koh-i-Noor. This beautiful thought, however, is slightly marred by the further reflection that you would have to give the jewel up to the police. The constabulary have little trace of Oriental fantasy in their composition.

*" Your shaving water, Sir ! "*
DRAWN BY TERNENT.

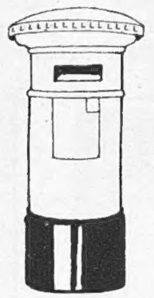
**The Death Ray at Last.**

Are you an inventor ? But the question is purely rhetorical—of course you are an inventor. There is scarcely a man, woman or child in the country who has not invented a Secret Weapon to defeat the night-bomber. Usually it takes the form of a Death Ray, and it is nothing short of a national scandal that of the thousands of persons who have invented death rays, not one has succeeded in convincing the Air Ministry. I have heard airmen speak about death rays and aerial torpedoes with a cynical scepticism which has shocked me profoundly ; it is obvious that they have never read the right kind of thrillers or seen the right kind of films. Well, if you have a death ray or a water fuel or a thousand-miles-an-hour aeroplane awaiting official recognition, now is your chance. The Government has appointed a body of experts for your benefit. Officially, this body is described by the prosaic name of " Committee," but most of the newspapers prefer to call it a " Secret Weapons Brain Trust." The name doesn't matter, but the function is important. I can imagine nothing more maddening than to have a really good invention and not to be able to get it to the " right quarter "—and that is the fate of many an inventor, good as well as bad. If the Brain Trust can recognise brains, and then pick them, and do both *quickly*, good luck to it and then some.

**Voice from the Dead.** In these days we should be spared unnecessary shocks, and I have great sympathy with the Spanish peasant who, the other day, found himself in company with a coffin on the top of a bus. That was gruesome enough, but when the corpse suddenly put his head outside the coffin and asked if it was still raining, this was rightly considered a bit thick, and fits were freely thrown all over the bus. The corpse turned out to be a passenger who thought that the coffin would be a good place to shelter from the rain, and took forty winks therein. *Moral :* Look before you sleep.

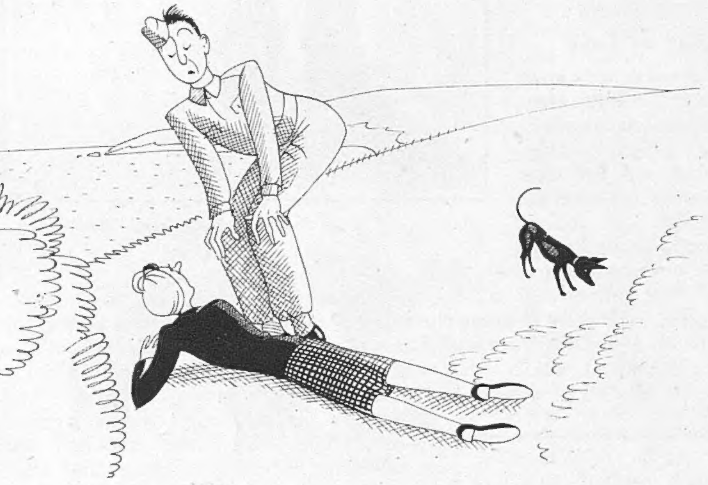
# Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—There are rumours that we are to have another change of Soldiery, and that means another row of fortifications. Sometimes the new Soldiery pulls down the fortifications it finds when it arrives, and sometimes it just adds to them, but it always gives us to understand that until it came we had been but poorly protected, but that now we may sleep peacefully in our beds, secure from Invasion.

We already have many guns which poke out of unexpected places. Some of them don't even poke, and are so cleverly concealed that even visiting Generals are deceived. There is a story about a General who was ushered into what is known at the seaside as a Kiosk (though I never know why) and found himself staring down the muzzle of a gun. At the next Kiosk he bustled in in his best military manner and was offered a glass of hot milk by the girl behind the counter.

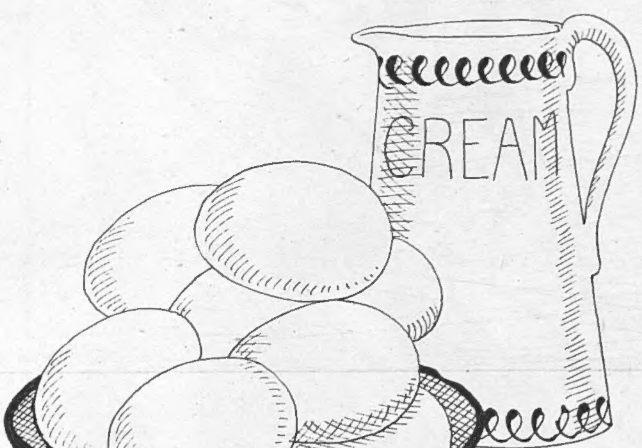


*"A soldier was bending over me."*

They say he burst into tears and had to be taken back to the Mess for a drink.

The gun I hate most is the one which is hidden behind a little trap-door. Every morning when I take Perry for his walk on what Nature and the British Army have left us of the cliff path, the little trap-door is open and a wicked-looking muzzle peers out with a baleful, one-eyed expression. It always seems to be pointing straight at me. If I hug the wall it still points at me, and when I move over to the other side and risk my life by walking on the extreme edge of the cliff the gun slews slowly round in my direction.

I remind myself that I am the daughter and granddaughter of soldiers, and try not to walk more quickly. I remember Mr. Churchill's speech and the Charge of the Light Brigade. I move to the middle of the path, and so does the gun, and I remember how our father never allowed us to point guns at anybody, not even toy ones, because it was a Dangerous Thing To Do. I remember that yesterday was real gun-practice day, with the cliff path closed to the public, and I wonder whether just one teeny little shell may not have been left in by mistake. I remember the Linnet's remark that you simply wouldn't believe what a lot of soldiers are in hospital because guns have gone off when people didn't know they were loaded.




*"Take the yolks of eight eggs and a pint of cream."*

I find myself wondering whether, if it did go off, I would be blown into little bits, or whether it would make a neat round hole through the middle of me, and what Perry's reactions to the affair would be. He would be frightened of the Bang, I know, but having got over that, would he grieve for my disintegration or go strolling off home in his nonchalant way?

These melancholy musings, as you can imagine, dear Robert, quite spoil the beauty of a spring morning, and the steepness of the hill, added to my apprehension, renders me so breathless that I have to sink down on the nearest seat out of the danger zone and pant. Last week, just as I got to the very worst bit, a voice inside the trap-door said "Fire!"

I uttered a loud scream and fell flat on my face.

There was no Bang, and when I opened my eyes a soldier was bending over me. It was the same soldier that had got me out of the barbed wire, and he was looking at me in a pitying sort of way.

"Now what did you want to go and do that for, Lady?"

"I must have tripped or something," I said feebly.

"You know, you ought to have somebody to go about with you," he said kindly, and dusted me down with his cap.

*"The Whinebites' telephone never stopped ringing."*

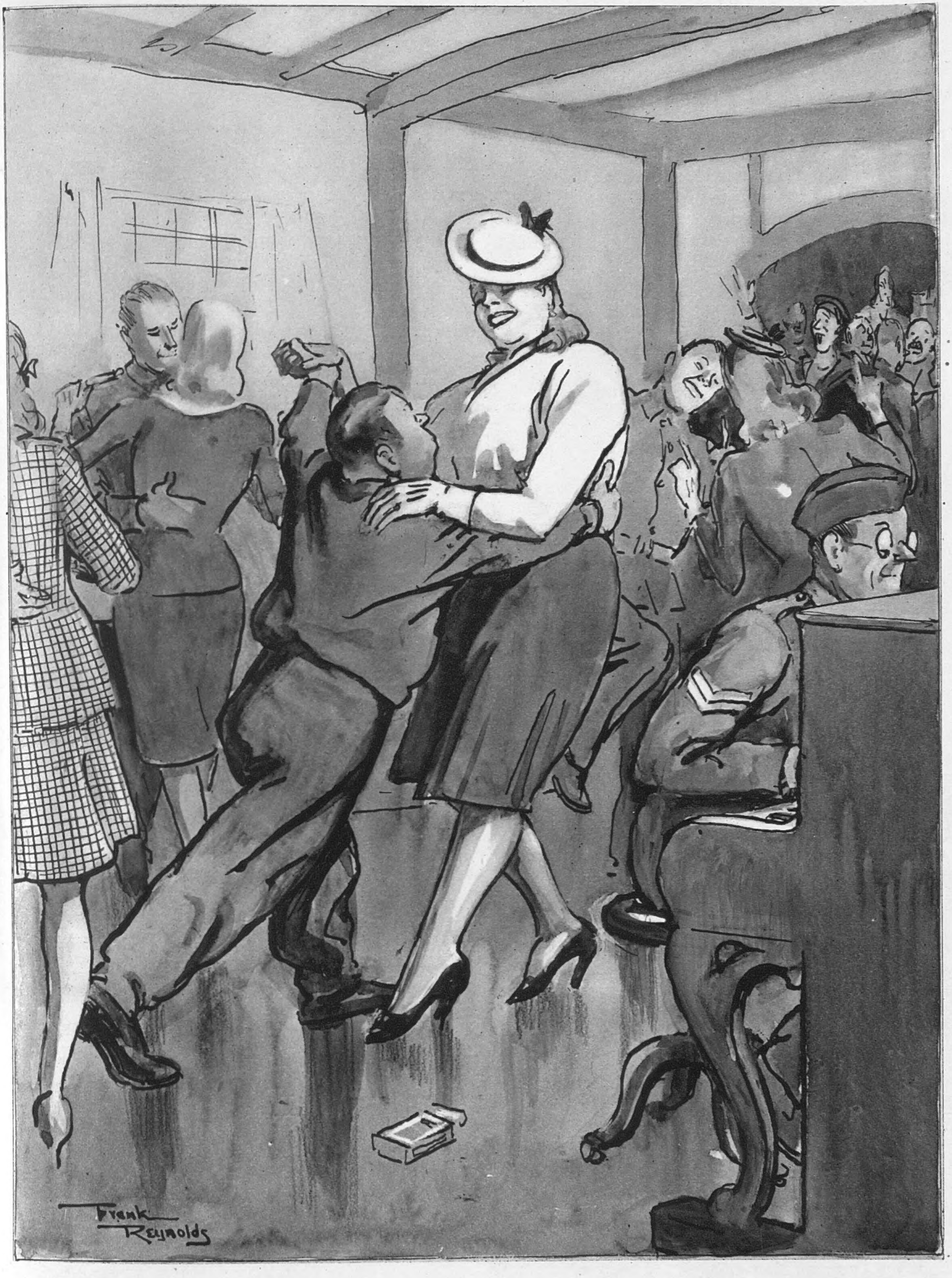
Mrs. Whinebite gave a party during War Weapons Week. We each had to bring half a crown and our own tea, and though we were all glad to do what we could for W.W.W., everybody felt she had no right to take all the credit herself, though the anachronism idea was hers. In the corner of each invitation was written, "Please bring a War Anachronism with you." This created a good deal of excitement in the place, and for three days the Whinebites' telephone never stopped ringing, because some people didn't know what an anachronism was, and the others rang up to make sure they had got the idea all right.

The party was quite a success. It started rather stickily because it was a very cold day and Mrs. Whinebite is the sort of person who never lights a fire once the spring cleaning is done. But the Conductor threw a lighted match into the grate and pretended he had done it by mistake, and soon we had a good blaze and everybody cheered up. We made rather a lot of crumbs, eating out of our paper bags; but, as Faith said, that was Mrs. Whinebite's fault for not providing us with plates.

Some of the anachronisms were quite good. Of course, a lot of people brought what had once been boxes of chocolates, and there were a few pathetic dance programmes, and one or two City-banquet menus which people kept reading aloud to each other. Faith brought a Mrs. Beeton cookery book which began, "Take the yolks of eight eggs and a pint of cream." The Admiral brought an A.A. route for a motoring tour from here to the north of Scotland, and Mrs. Simpkins's brother, old General Tayling, who is eighty-four, came as himself. He said he was an anachronism of this war if ever there was one. We voted for the prize, which was an extremely handsome one—three large onions. Lady B. won it with her quotation, "The Carpenter said nothing but 'The butter 's spread too thick.'"

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.




"YOU OUGHT TO MEET MY PAL, MISS, HE'S IN THE TANKS!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

## CAILLES FARCIES EN CASSEROLE.

*TAKE four medium-sized carrots, eight leeks and as many Jerusalem artichokes, scrape well, cut up into approximately equal sizes and boil in salted water until just tender (all these vegetables can be put in the same saucepan to economise gas, but add the artichokes ten minutes after the carrots and leeks, as they take less time to cook). Strain off the liquid into a clean saucepan and keep hot over a low fire. Meanwhile, clean four quails out thoroughly, putting aside in cold water the livers, hearts and stomachs—these last having been cut in half, scraped and the lining removed. The fat, of which there is usually a certain quantity, may be placed directly into a pan with a dessert-spoonful of margarine and a chopped onion. Add the quails, and turning frequently, leave them till lightly browned all over. When ready, lift the birds into the saucepan of vegetable stock, to which one Oxo cube has been added, and allow to boil for a quarter of an hour. (On no account throw away the contents of the frying-pan, which will come in useful later on.)*

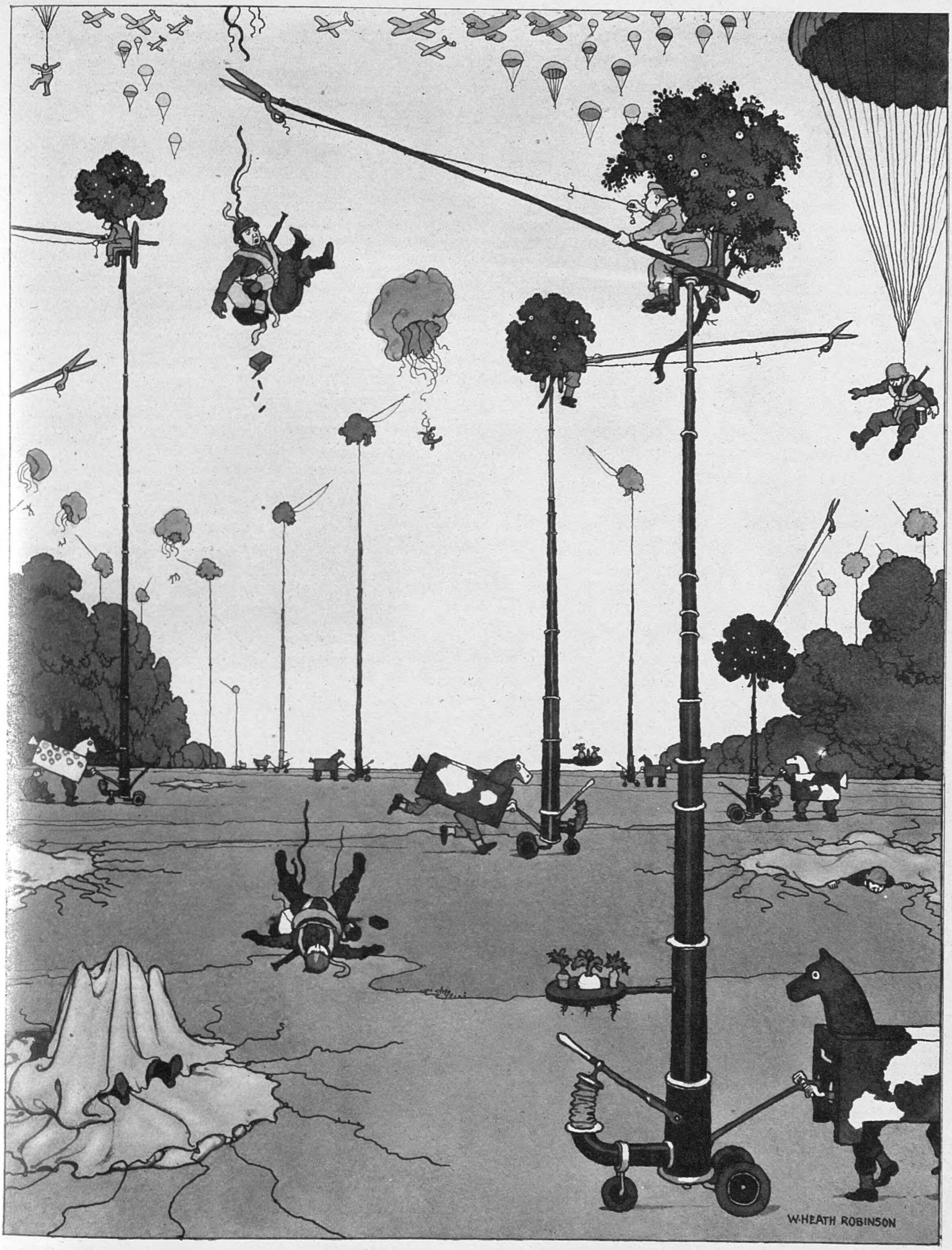
*THE STUFFING.—Chop up finely four large mushrooms, the livers, hearts and stomachs and put the mixture into the pan used for frying the quails; season to taste and cook thoroughly.*

*THE SAUCE.—Melt one tablespoonful of margarine and remove from fire, mix in the same measure of flour to form a smooth paste. Add two teacupfuls of the vegetable stock to the mixture, replace on a low flame, stirring continuously, until it has reached boiling-point; remove immediately.*

*Take the quails and fill them with the prepared stuffing, and finally arrange the birds and the vegetables in a casserole or other fireproof dish, pour over the sauce and leave in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. Don't forget when you are washing up after this dish to keep the remains of the stock, as it makes an excellent consommé for two or three people the following evening.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 3. CAILLES FARCIES EN CASSEROLE.




# HOW TO MEET PARATROOP INVADERS HALF-WAY.

*Here is an ingenious defence suggestion from W. Heath Robinson. His plan is that well-camouflaged Home Guards should be propelled up aloft by means of skilful mechanism, to meet the enemy paratroops half-way, and send them crashing down to earth.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

## By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WE have heard so much from the other side about the "new technique" of "KITTY FOYLE," the film for which Ginger Rogers won her Academy award, that we went along to the Gaumont with some curiosity to see it. The problem, it seems, was to adapt the autobiographical style of Christopher Morley's novel to the screen without losing the punch of its first-person technique. Morley's "Kitty Foyle" was practically a confessional. It was written in that stream-of-consciousness style that was introduced into fiction by James Joyce. The heroine laid bare her innermost thoughts and feelings to the scrutiny of the reader. Translating this intimate story into pictures was necessarily a challenge. But the producers had thought up a snappy device for working it, according to my informants overseas.

Well, the new device turns out to be a trick opening in which the Better Self of Kitty Foyle advises her *alter ego*. The picture introduces us to Kitty at the crisis of her life. Within an hour she has to decide whether she will marry the poor young doctor from St. Timothy's Hospital or sail to Bermuda as the mistress of her rich and rather rotten ex-husband. The trouble is, that she still loves her husband. It is while she is flinging things defiantly into a bag, all set for Bermuda and unlicensed romance, that the stern Miss Rogers in the mirror speaks. "You're making a mistake, you know," she says. "You'll regret it. Remember——"

And then the film fades back, to tell the whole story of Kitty's life, from a fifteen-year-old romantic child to the present disillusion of her twenty-six years. A miniature snowstorm in a glass ball is used as a continuity device to link up the various chapters of the story. And at the end, of course, we come back to the present, and see a sobered Kitty making her wise, dull choice.

This trick opening doesn't seem to me a very startling thing in new technique, but it does give a certain freshness to an otherwise rather conventional story. We have seen much the same sort of plot before—the honest working-girl who falls for her rich young employer (Dennis Morgan), leaves him when she finds his intentions are strictly dishonourable, marries him and leaves him again because she is snubbed by his socialite family, and strikes up a friendship with the toiling idealist (James Craig) who is waiting in the background, full of sympathy and devotion.

What lifts "Kitty Foyle" a notch above most pictures of this sort is the pretty performance Miss Rogers gives in the title-rôle. It's a long and varied part she has. We see her as a smudge-faced schoolgirl in a sailor-suit. We see her as a trim, white-collar girl in office and shop. We see her relaxed and dreamy by the fire with her lover; again as a tough girl among her girl-friends; tragic when she loses her baby in childbirth. The situations she tackles are rarely new in themselves, but somehow she manages to make them seem fresh and special.

DEANNA (EDNA MAE) DURBIN *had six bridesmaids in pastel taffeta when she married Vaughn Paul last month. The Wiltshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles was massed with lilies, gardenias, and white flowers of all sorts in sprays, arches and clumps. Deanna's father gave her away, and her older sister,* MRS. CLARENCE HECKMAN, *was matron of honour. The bridesmaids were* MISS GENE READ, *her cousin;* MISS HELEN PARRISH *and* MISS ANNE GWYNNE, *Universal contract actresses;* MRS. JOHN PAYNE *(Anne Shirley);* MRS. MARVIN BRADLEY *and* MRS. THOMAS KING. *The star's dress of ivory satin with a sweeping train and old English point lace on the bodice had long elegant tight-fitting sleeves. When towards the end of May Deanna reports for work on her new picture "Almost an Angel," in which Charles Laughton will play, and Vaughn Paul continues preparations of his first film as associate producer "A Mermaid in Distress," they will have had nearly a month's honeymoon. They will live in a Hollywood apartment till a one-storey "English" cottage is built for them on some land he has bought in Brentwood.*

If Kitty Foyle's experiences seem tough, they are nothing compared with the sufferings of Margaret Sullavan in "BACK STREET" (Odeon). Miss Sullavan plays one Ray Smith, a belle of the feather-boa period, who starts off in reel one by missing the boat on which she should have sailed with her lover (Charles Boyer), and pays for it with decades and decades of heartbreak.

Her lover marries another woman, and becomes a Wall Street banker. But he still can't do without Ray. He installs her in an apartment in a back street, and there she remains, with occasional jaunts to Europe, the noble influence, the Mystery Woman in his life. Once she nearly escapes and contracts another marriage, but there is no luck for the lovelorn. The banker snatches her back. After thirty years or so of continuous suffering, during which time the banker's wife, a singularly incurious woman, never even suspects the existence of a rival, our Ray is obviously in the state of mind in which she would keel over at anything.

It is too much for her, and we are not surprised, when the banker rings her up on his deathbed, and she hears the death-rattle in the receiver. She faints away across his photograph, and dies too, after dreaming of what might have happened if she had caught that boat after all. It's an odd scene, that parting on the telephone, and even Miss Sullavan's charm and tact can't quite manage to make it other than embarrassing. M. Boyer, I thought, was ill-served by a part which shows the banker as a pretty thorough cad throughout, self-satisfied and demanding. Kinder people than myself, though, will almost certainly shed tears over the lovers' dilemmas. The film was a great success when it was made before, with Irene Dunne and John Boles as the victims, and the story is from Fannie Hurst's dear old stand-by,

A tougher film, although it has its sentimentality, too, is "CITY FOR CONQUEST" (Warner). This tries to do for New York's East Side what "Our Town" did for the rustics of New Hampshire. A commentator—the same commentator, Frank Craven—who has known the people of the drama from childhood, wanders in and out of the plot with his character-sketches and his philosophies. Using rather too often the term "teeming millions," he points the moral of heredity and environment, following the careers of a bunch of children from the East Side, showing how some scale the heights, others sink into the gutter. Since James Cagney (as a boxer) and Ann Sheridan (as a night-club entertainer) are in it, the film has considerable vigour. Defying the sentiment of the commentary, a good deal of rather mawkish heroism, and a bit about a Kid Brother and a Great American Symphony, which we seem to have heard before, it comes through in the end as a Cagney-Sheridan toughie, which has nothing whatever to do with the "Our Town" technique, and would probably have been more comfortable without it.

"THERE'S MAGIC IN MUSIC" (Plaza) has few pretensions. It is a simple little piece about a school of music and its pupils. Conspicuous amongst these are twelve-year-old Patricia Travers, a violin prodigy with artist's hands, a mouth like Joe E. Brown's, and a lovely line in wisecracks, and fifteen-year-old singer Susanna Foster, who once, with her top note, broke an electric beam at the San Francisco Exposition. Musical experts may shudder at moments over the liberties taken with the classics, but people who don't know a piano concerto from a Pekingese puppy will find it a very cheerful and likeable film.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

# MRS. JOHN WINANT AT WORK.

MRS. JOHN G. WINANT, *wife of H.E. the American Ambassador, has a business-like desk in her London flat, large enough to accommodate many papers and also to hold vases of the flowers which always surround her. She had her first air-raid experience soon after her arrival in London, and watched the early part of the attack from the Embassy roof with the Ambassador. She has left her two sons and daughter in the U.S.A., and also her dogs. She breeds Scotties and West Highlanders, and has had many show-ring successes. Mr. and Mrs. Winant had the honour of lunching with the King and Queen the other day after the Ambassador had been received in audience by his Majesty.*

# PRIVATE VIEW OF THE R.A. IN WARTIME.

By THEODORA BENSON and BETTY ASKWITH.

*Authors of "Foreigners; or the World in a Nutshell."*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOPOLSKI.

THERE was one top-hat. We saw it in the hall of Burlington House, gleaming, lustrous, surmounting a fine pair of white, drooping moustaches. But one swallow, as everybody knows, is practically useless. It was not a top-hat Academy.

The women came out of it worse than the men. At least there were some smart-looking officers around, while the women contributed nothing but practical suits and clumping, coloured footwear. One yearned for the Dresden shepherdess effect of Lady Alexander. It is a curious working of the human mind, this "*Tempus fugit - Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume*" attitude. In peacetime we had always considered the Private View a rather boring function. We had disliked the crowds, the smart dresses, the hum of fashionable chatter, the all-but impossibility of seeing the pictures; and now (*où sont les neiges d'antan?*) it is only too easy to be romantic and sentimental about all these things. Really, this year, in spite of the gallant presence of Sir John Squire and Elinor Glyn, there was little to look at besides the pictures.

These last had changed less than anything else. There were, of course, some war pictures, but the treatment hadn't changed much, if the subject had. Marine scapes, with or without an incidental destroyer, vast expanses of blue sky, and it doesn't much matter if the dot in the foreground is an aeroplane or a bird. There was rather an effective Breughel-*cum*-Stanley Spencer impression of the beaches at Dunkirk, but its small, bright activities conveyed little sense of war.

There were, however, several portraits of uniformed "Waafs." This seemed not a disastrous, but a profitless idea; the occupation is honourable and the dress not bad, but is there one single point of view from which a portrait of a woman in a Service uniform could by chance give more satisfaction than a portrait of a woman dressed as such? Indeed, it all raises the question of why anyone commissions a portrait at all, instead of a picture. It is probably a survival from the days when there were acres of wall-space, no photographs, and when great artists were regarded to some extent as tradesmen. Rembrandt, for instance, ruined himself by treating the famous "Night Watch" as a picture, instead of a group of portraits, with each sitter given more or less prominence according to a sliding scale of pay.

But perhaps it is fortunate for Royal Academicians that many people, from vanity or sentiment, are still ready to endure the tedious process of getting painted, whether the artist likes the subject or not. The walls of Burlington House showed a plentiful crop of portraits, some of them excellent. Colonel Murray Threipland, D.S.O., Welsh Guards, by Simon Elwes, was especially notable. We liked Duncan Fitzwilliams, C.M.G., F.R.C.S., by Maurice Codner. There were as well a few portraits that were also pictures. The superb John head of W. B. Yeats, purchased by the Chantrey Bequest, that hangs in the first room, was, of course, in a class by itself. But even the formal John portrait of the Earl of Athlone, with its solidity, its modelling, its richness of black and gold, built up into something more than a likeness. We thought, perhaps, that he had lost interest or patience by the time he got to the hands, but it was a large canvas, and perhaps he painted them last. Another painting of very different calibre with something of this more-than-a-portrait quality was Raymond Kanelba's portrait of his son. This was a small canvas of a child's head, which combined something of the graceful dignity of a Chardin with the stylised wistfulness of a Marie Laurencin.

*Types of visitors at the second wartime Royal Academy Private View.*

Most of the pictures we would have liked to have had in our personal possession were landscapes. There was a charming rural scene, "Ferry Farm, Little Sutton," by Philip Connard, R.A.; and there was a moving picture of streets and houses and the dome of St. Paul's under a wet, grey sky, entitled "September Morning, 1939." But the picture which actually gave us most pleasure was a nude. It was a small picture, and it hung in the water-colour room, though it was executed in tempera. Its keynote was pinkness. There were pink curtains and pink rose-petals falling everywhere, and seven pink Amorini and a very pink Venus. The latter was represented upright on a couch, with her eyes tight shut and an expression of weary disgust on her face. It was plain she was exasperated beyond bearing by the horrid little cupids who muddled around, playing with the roses and peering through the curtains. Obviously she was thinking: "It's all very well to make a fuss about the Dionnes—but that this should have happened to *me*!"

As we left the gallery, we overheard a scrap of conversation between a well-known Academician and one of those attendants who hang around the door dressed in beautifully impressive red robes.

"What did you think of the show, Sir?"

"Not very much, I'm afraid," answered the artist, in a sad whisper.

"No, Sir? Well, the Press think highly of it. Very highly indeed. They were all saying at the Press show there hadn't been an exhibition to touch it for years." And then, as the other still looked unconvinced, and even sighed a little, he continued in a stern but encouraging tone, like one coaxing a fractious child to eat its "*nice* rice-pudding"—

"Well, Sir; you must admit it's a very *bright* show."

We admired the spirit of loyalty, but we felt in spite of all that our lives needed more brightness in them, and we went off to George Black's "Vanities," to refresh ourselves with Venuses even more lovely and *décors* even more pink. We agreed, at any rate, that that was a bright show.

*Closing time: the last of the visitors file down the stairs.*

DRAWING BY TOPOLSKI.

## AN ARTIST VIEWS THE WARTIME ROYAL ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW.

*Topolski, the Polish artist, attended the Private View of the second wartime Royal Academy, which was of reduced size as regards the number of exhibits ; and somewhat " under proof " as a personality parade on Private View Day. It was a uniform, rather than a top-hat occasion ; and the artist describes the impression on this page as " Admiration focussed on the uniform of the year." A fine Exhibition of M. Topolski's recent work can be seen at Colnaghi's Galleries, 15, Old Bond Street.*

CORPORAL DU FRETAY—*for being a flying Frenchman who assembled his 'plane under the Nazis' noses and beat it across the Channel.*

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CORPORAL MAURICE HALNA DU FRETAY was so determined to leave Nazi-ridden Brittany that he assembled the parts of his own small 'plane, working on it by night and camouflaging it by day. When the weather was good he flew across the Channel, risking Nazi fighters and British A.-A. fire. He made a safe landing, is joining the R.A.F., and has been decorated with the British Empire Medal (Military Division) by Air Marshal Pattinson. The 20-year-old Corporal is seen with members of the Free French Air Force.

HR. HENRIK DE KAUFFMANN, *Danish Minister to the U.S.A.—for diplomatically signing America on to the map of Greenland instead of Germany, and having the Nazi K.O. to his appointment reversed by the American O.K.*

THE Danish Minister to the U.S.A., HR. HENRIK DE KAUFFMANN, is seen with the agreement he and President Roosevelt signed last year placing Greenland under the protection of the U.S. Government and giving America the right to establish air bases there. This year as a punishment he was recalled by the Danish Government. Mr. Cordell Hull and the State Department refused to recognise this on the ground that the Copenhagen Government acted under duress.

THESE R.A.F. OFFICERS—*for their bow-and-arrow target practice with a view to Berlin bulls'-eyes.*

COLONEL J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, newly-appointed Minister of Aircraft Production, was the first person to qualify for the Aero Club's (now the Royal Aero Club) Certificate No. 1, for a flight he made at Leysdown, Isle of Sheppey, on May 8, 1909. He is shown sitting in the 'plane in which he made a flight at Eastchurch in 1910, and one of his early 'planes is seen in the photograph below, right.

ARCHERY is the special hobby of the R.A.F. PILOTS of a certain Squadron. This practice keeps their eye in to get the "bull's-eye" when they bomb enemy objectives.

BRITISH PARATROOPS are among the toughest of our soldiers, being drawn from crack Highland regiments, cavalry regiments, mechanised units, engineer and pioneer units, and including Rugger and Soccer footballers, racing motorists, dirt-track riders, and the like. Their ration, the "Mess Tin Pack," is the biggest emergency ration the Army has known, for a parachutist may have to last out for some considerable time before he can get fresh food again.

MR. ALBERT E. PERRY, South London art master, has had seventy pictures rejected by the Royal Academy between 1911 and 1940. This year he had his painting "Pottery" accepted, but it was not hung. So he paraded the streets with his students as sandwichmen, carrying his second Street Exhibition in a very public Private View. He sent out all the correct invitations, the directions being: "Starting from 87, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1, at 9.30 a.m."

COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON —*for being a No. 1 Minister (Air Production) who gained the Aero Club's No. 1 Certificate in 1909.*

*Left:* BRITAIN'S PARATROOPS—*for being tough airborne soldiers who carry the largest emergency ration in the British Army*

MR. ALBERT E. PERRY—*for the "frame-up" of pretty girls at his public Private View.*

"HOUSES LOW, BUT HEARTS HIGH": THE PREMIER VISITS PLYMOUTH.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, *accompanied by* MRS. CHURCHILL *(centre), recently visited much-bombed Plymouth and toured areas which had suffered in seven heavy raids. He arrived in the morning and inspected naval and dockyard establishments. He wore the blue reefer and peaked cap which he had when he came to Plymouth over a year ago as First Lord of the Admiralty to greet the men of H.M.S. "Exeter" after the battle of the River Plate. Before leaving the city he took tea at the house of* VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, *Lord Mayor of Plymouth (r.), on the Hoe. Praising the spirit of the people, he said "Their houses are low, but their hearts are high."*

*Regular private-viewer :* MRS. JOSEPH MACKLE.

SIR WELDON *and* LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS.

DOROTHY DICKSON, DOROTHY HYSON *and* LIEUT ROBERT DOUGLAS, R.N.V.R.

AIR COMMANDANT J. TREFUSIS-FORBES, C.B.E., W.A.A.F.

AIR COMMODORE GUILFOYLE, O.B.E., M.C., *and* LADY LUTYENS.

LORD HANKEY *arrivi*

# THE SECOND WARTIME ROYAL ACADEMY PRIVATE VIEW: VISITORS' PARADE—INCLUDING EXHIBITORS AND SITTERS.

*Twin-sister artists:* PEGGY *and* BETTY FITZGERALD.

LORD SEMPILL *with* LADY SEMPILL, *formerly Miss Cecilia A. Dunbar-Kilburn.*

AIR MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR BARRATT, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C., *and* LADY BARRATT.

*with* LADY HANKEY.

SIR GEORGE FRANCKENSTEIN, G.C.V.O., *and* LADY FRANCKENSTEIN.

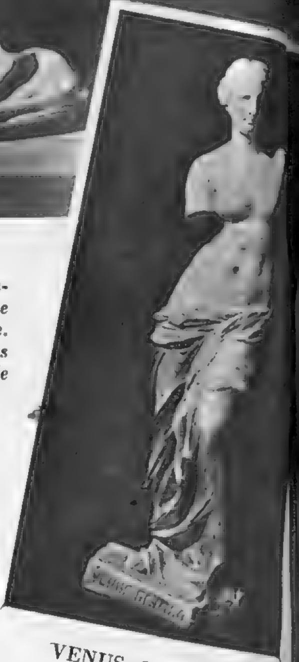
COLONEL GUY HESELTINE *and his wife,* ANNA K. ZINKEISEN.

The Private View of the Royal Academy, one of the old-established institutions of London Society, took place as usual, and was attended by quite a fair number of visitors, including many notable personalities, some of whom are the subjects of portraits in the exhibition. T. C. Dugdale is, for instance, showing pictures of Air Marshal Sir A. S. Barratt, Commander-in-Chief Army Co-operation, and of Air Commandant J. Trefusis-Forbes, the head of the W.A.A.F. Artists present included the twin sisters the Misses Fitzgerald. Both had pictures in last year's Royal Academy, and this year Miss Peggy Fitzgerald has two works on view. Anna K. Zinkeisen, whose work is so well known to "Sketch" readers, came in her Red Cross uniform, accompanied by her husband. She is showing one picture, "St. Mary's F.A.P. by Candlelight."

ANN SHERIDAN, *Hollywood's gay, laughing, modern redhead "oomph girl," transformed into the likeness of Vesta, the Roman goddess of the hearth and of its fire. She was the protector of the State, guardian of the sacred fire, and was served by the Vestal Virgins.*

VESTA.

*As the Venus of Milo, most famous representation of the Goddess of Love, and one of the glories of the collection of the Paris Louvre. Venus had a special significance in Rome as Genetrix, or mother of the Roman people through her son Æneas.*



VENUS OF MILO.

# "OOMPH GIRL" CLASSIC REVIVAL: GODDESSES BY ANN SHERIDAN.

*As Minerva, who sprang full-armed from the head of her father, Jove. She was the Goddess of Wisdom, meditation and inventiveness, queen of all accomplishments and arts, especially of spinning and weaving as practised by women, and of various other skilled trades.*

*As Diana, the Goddess of the Chase, of the moon, the open air, the country and of chastity. One of the most celebrated shrines of Diana was situated on the banks of the modern lake of Nemi and was known as the Mirror of Diana.*

MINERVA.

DIANA.

People are fond of saying that the modern Glamour Girl is a creature far removed from the ideal of classic beauty in the grand manner of the ancient Romans. ANN SHERIDAN, Hollywood's "oomph girl," proves the contrary, for in these fine photographs she is seen posed as four different goddesses worshipped by the ancients. Just to adorn the tale further and to prove the point, we include small reproductions of well-known statues of these same goddesses—Vesta, Venus, Minerva and Diana. Miss Sheridan's new picture, "Honeymoon for Three," is due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on May 16.

# BRIDES, BRIDE-GROOMS AND OTHERS IN THE NEWS.

FLIGHT LIEUT. JAMES NIGEL WATTS-FARMER, D.F.C., *married* MISS JOE BARBARA G. FRAZER-NASH, *daughter of Captain A. Frazer-Nash, at St. Andrew's, Ham Common.*

*The* HON. PEARL LAWSON-JOHNSTON, *the* HON. MRS. I. J. PITMAN *and* MRS. LAWSON-JOHNSTON *were on duty at the Claridge's Depôt on Combined Hospitals Flag Day.*

MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE *sold flags on Combined Hospitals Flag Day. She is working as librarian at a Canadian general hospital.*

*Aircraft - designer* MRS. BLOSSOM MILES, *daughter of the late Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, posed in her garden with her baby daughter* MARY.

CAPTAIN THE HON. ROBERT BEST, *Royal Welch Fusiliers, elder son of Lord Wynford, married* MISS ANNE DAPHNE MAMETZ MINSHULL-FORD, *daughter of Major-General Minshull-Ford, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.*

LIEUT. G. MURRAY DYAS, *the Royal West Kents, married* MISS BARBARA BINGLEY SHAW, *younger daughter of Mr. Thomas Shaw, at St. Luke's, Chelsea.*

MAJOR THE O'GRADY, *Royal Artillery, married* MISS PAMELA VIOLET THORNTON, *elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel T. A. Thornton, C.V.O., at St. Peter's, Brockhall.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

# F.O. WORKER—THE PREMIER'S NIECE.

MISS CLARISSA CHURCHILL, *only daughter of Major John Strange Churchill, D.S.O., and Lady Gwendeline Churchill, and niece of the Premier, is here posed against a Raphael cartoon at Oxford. She was born in 1920, and is carrying on her family tradition of Government service by working in the Foreign Office.*

# "HUDSON'S BAY"—TRAPPERS AND NOBLE EXILE ADVENTURERS.

"*A fortune in furs!*" *Lord Edward Crewe* (JOHN SUTTON) *meets Radisson* (PAUL MUNI) *and* "*Gooseberry*" (LAIRD CREGAR).

"HUDSON'S BAY" is a vivid Twentieth Century-Fox picture which was due at the Regal on May 11. It tells the story of the founding of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, which had Prince Rupert as its first Governor. Lord Edward Crewe, who has been exiled from London by King Charles II., meets the trappers Radisson and "Gooseberry," who tell him that fortunes can be made by trading for furs with the Indians at Hudson's Bay. They make an epic journey, collect a big bag of skins, but only succeed in bringing a few to England. Lord Edward is pardoned by the King, who is interested by the possibilities of the scheme, and the Hudson's Bay Company is formed.

*The difficulties of the journey to Hudson's Bay: the expedition gets over one of the falls by porterage.*

*The adventurers wind up with 300,000 beaver pelts, which represent a vast fortune—only to have them confiscated by the Governor.*

*Lord Edward and his companions reach England with a few skins, though he is in danger of execution for returning from exile without permission.*

*Prince Rupert* (NIGEL BRUCE; *centre*) *presents Lord Edward, Radisson and* "*Gooseberry*" *to the King* (VINCENT PRICE) *and Nell Gwyn* (VIRGINIA FIELD).

*The King pardons Lord Edward when he hears of the vast fortunes to be made in fur trading—and the Hudson's Bay Company is born.*

# DARING, TRAGEDY AND ROMANCE OF "HUDSON'S BAY."

*Lord Edward Crewe* (JOHN SUTTON) *takes leave of his fiancée, Lady Barbara* (GENE TIERNEY), *before returning to Canada.*

*Prince Rupert* (NIGEL BRUCE), *Radisson* (PAUL MUNI) *and Lord Edward at the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670.*

*The Indians flock to trade with the Company, for Radisson insists that they get a fair deal.*

*Gerald Hall* (MORTON LOWRY) *is executed by Radisson's orders for treacherous conduct.*

*Barbara hears the King* (VINCENT PRICE) *condemn Edward and his companions to prison.*

*Nell Gwyn* (VIRGINIA FIELD) *intercedes with the King on behalf of Lord Edward and his associates.*

LORD EDWARD, hero of "HUDSON'S BAY," due at the Regal on May 11, takes Gerald Hall, brother of his fiancée, Barbara, to Canada when he returns after the formation of the Company. Gerald sells liquor to the Indians and raises internecine strife, so Radisson, despite all protests, has him shot. In England the adventurers are condemned as murderers, but Radisson's wit saves them; and Barbara forgives Edward.

*Despite the tragedy of Gerald's death, Lord Edward and Barbara are finally reconciled.*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. L. A. G. STRONG is a very talented novelist, and his talent shows to greatest advantage when applied to some unusual, one might almost say pathological, type of experience. He has a wide range of imaginative sympathy, and can draw all sorts and conditions of men, but the plain man is the subject that suits him least. Perhaps it would be an abuse of words to call the hero of his new novel, "The Bay," a plain man. Luke Mangan had an unconventional upbringing at the hands of various relations, well-affected and otherwise (he was an orphan), and at an early age saw a great deal of the seamy side of Dublin life. While still a child he unwisely made a meal of laburnum pods, and the dreadful fantasy of fear with which the poison inoculated his nervous system remained with him for years—and, incidentally, provides Mr. Strong with one of the most striking passages in the book. The fate of a murderer who had been bitten by a syphilitic added to Luke's hypochondria. Sent to a convent school, he had an unlucky experience which again might have left him with any number of complexes. Then his marriage with the sensual, over-affectionate Muriel; what a failure that was: indeed, failure is an understatement, since it nearly ended in murder. And the extra-conjugal love-affair which prompted the attempt at murder: how tragically that ended. When one thinks of Luke Mangan (who tells his own story) in the light of what happened to him, what he went through, he seems to be anything but a plain man.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, *accompanied by* H.E. THE GREEK MINISTER, M. SIMOPOULOS, *visited the French Institute to see the exhibition which was held there in aid of the Greek Red Cross. She is here looking at some pictures of her native land, whose heroic resistance has added fresh glory to its great history. They were lent by the Greek Legation.*

All the same, I think Mr. Strong means us to believe that he was one, and that these episodes and their reaction on his sensitive spirit (for he was sensitive to an unusual degree) were merely aberrations, blind blows of Chance thrusting him aside from the essential normality of his nature. All his life he had been thrown into the company of eccentrics: his beloved Uncle John, the doctor who drank himself into dipsomania, his father-in-law, whose Puritanism amounted to madness. Our last glimpse of him, when he has thrown off all these associations, is of a hale and hearty *paterfamilias* of fifty-seven, weighing thirteen stone-two, and normal to a fault, in almost every respect.

MR. ANTHONY J. DREXEL BIDDLE, *the U.S. Minister in London to the Netherlands, presented an ambulance, the gift of loyal subjects and friends in Washington, to* H.M. QUEEN WILHELMINA *(left).* MRS. BIDDLE, *wearing a fur coat, stands between her husband and the Queen.*

**From Shadow to Sunlight.** "The Bay" records the experiences of a richly varied life, but it is not one of Mr. Strong's best books. One feels that the subject has never properly taken hold of his imagination; his heart is not in it. The best things in the story are the shadows, the murky alleys of experience through which Luke passes before he emerges on to the sane, sunny tranquillity of the Bay; but even they (the laburnum-seed episode excepted) are somewhat perfunctory inventions, crude assaults on the reader's nervous system, compared with some of the terrors he has evoked for us in the past. One or two, the account of the Spectre, for instance, are both obvious and slightly repulsive; while in Guntey's manhandling of his former pal, the author's deliberate intention to make us shudder is only too evident. At least two of the characters, Aunt Edith and Mr. Travers, are hardly individuals at all, so closely do they conform to the regulation fictional idea of persons driven slightly cracky by fear of sex; and in some of the other portraits, Uncle John, who could "recite perches of Shakespeare" and "reel off furlongs of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,'" and the Doctor, there is a note of exaggeration which weakens the effect of eccentricity instead of strengthening it.

All this goes to show that even a writer as distinguished as Mr. Strong can fall below his best if he chooses a subject out of tune with the natural tenor of his mind. Needless to say, "The Bay" is full of good things; the general texture is as thick and satisfying as ever, it is only the pattern that disappoints, and such parts of the story as are directly dependent on the pattern. One of the most original novelists living, Mr. Strong always attempts to break new ground, and if "The Bay" seems a failure compared with some of his stories, it is a gallant failure, the failure of a doughty mountaineer to scale an untried peak.

AIR COMMODORE R. V. GODDARD, C.B.E., *is the well-known B.B.C. commentator. Listeners-in all look forward to his heartening and interesting talks on the air-war situation.*

## The Omniscient Novelist.

A novelist, being the creator of his characters, can reasonably claim to be omniscient about them, and many masters of the art of fiction have not hesitated to use this prerogative; Tolstoy for one: his view of his creations is a "God's-eye" view. Naturally, he omits a great deal, but he omits it because he regards it as inessential, not because he thinks that certain facts may be hidden from him. But Pirandello, in his play, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," suggests that the creatures of an author's fancy, once conceived and born, may have an independent life of their own, over which he has no control, and which he cannot hope fully to understand; and there is some truth behind this fantasy. Many readers must often have felt that such-and-such a character "could not" have done, said, or thought things that the author has attributed to him, because they do not tally with his nature as the reader conceives it. No author can impose his own idea of a character on the reader, for the idea is incomplete until the reader has set his imagination to work on it. He may, of course, trust his author completely, as most readers feel impelled to trust Tolstoy, and forgo any attempt at private interpretation; but that is another matter.

Some authors, however, have voluntarily renounced omniscience, and preferred to tell their story through the consciousness of a single character: they are omniscient about him or her, but as regards the others, they are as much in the dark as he or she is. This method has two great advantages. First, it gives the novel unity, the ready-made unity of a single point of view; and secondly it is

" like life " : it is the way we regard our own experience. Try as we may to enter into other people's feelings, we can only see them from the standpoint of our own—which, incidentally, though the more selfish course, is often the safer.

**An Interesting Experiment.** " The Lie Triumphant " is an interesting experiment in method. Mr. Reyner Barton is concerned with three people, two sisters and their brother, and primarily, at any rate, with the results of a single incident, the motor-smash in which Isobel, the younger of the sisters, a careless driver, " kills " her fiancé, Michael. She herself sustains concussion and loses her memory; it is generally agreed that when she comes to herself she must be told, to safeguard her sanity, that her brother was driving the car at the time of the accident, and not she.

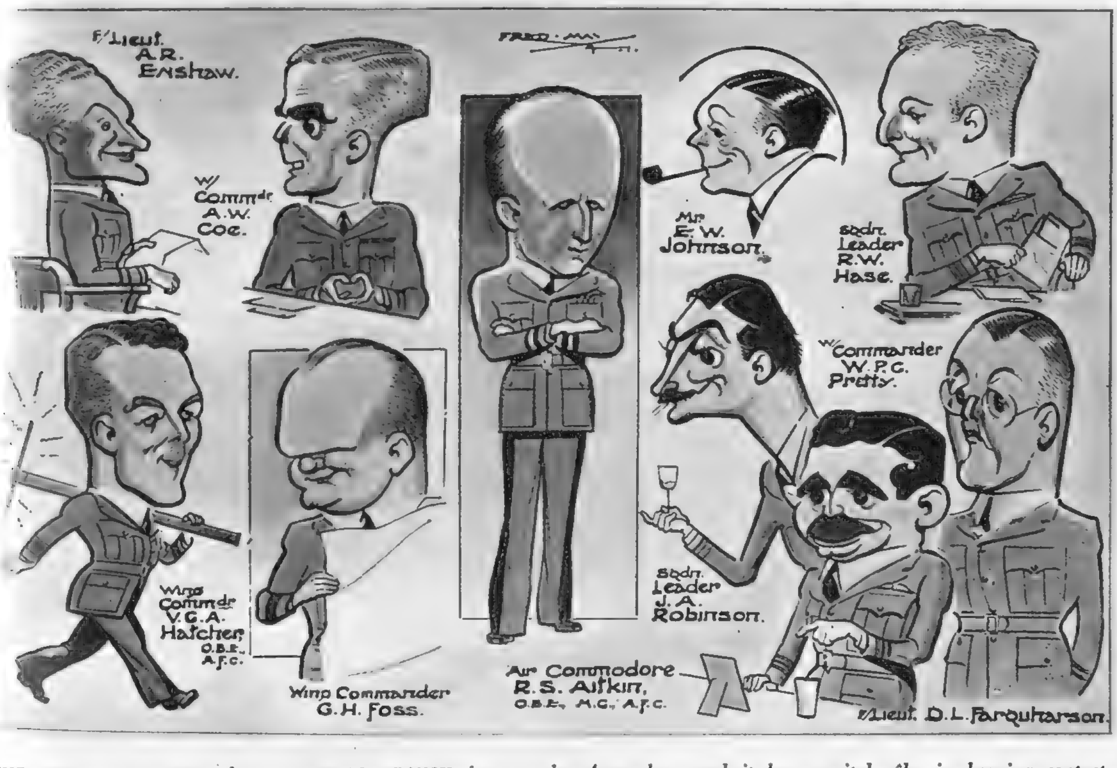
Isobel and Jack had always understood each other, and been sworn friends, but they did not understand, except in so far as dislike bestows understanding, their elder sister, Gina. She had always idolized their father, a clergyman, selfish, self-complacent, self-deceived; they had seen through him. She, taking his professions at their face value, had gone on believing in them; they had rebelled—Jack to become an unsuccessful actor, Isobel a genuine, if not widely recognised poet, and a woman with lovers. Gina disapproved of them and they despised her. At least, they thought she did, and she thought they did, but neither party was right.

The truth of their relationship lay somewhere between these opinions, but it was fatally obscured by a habit of hostility in conversation which antagonised them whenever they met. In onversation, Gina was tactless, ill-tempered, and slightly stupid; ack cynical, frivolous, pretentious, and cruel; and the train journey at united them on the same errand—to visit their sister in her ursing-home—helped them to bring out the worst in each other. o have given a straightforward account of their bitter wrangling thout *parti-pris* would have been a dull affair; moreover, it could rdly have conveyed the sense of grievance and the desire for lf-justification which animated them both; while to have taken les would have involved the injustice which Mr. Barton is trying avoid. So he makes Jack relate the episode from his point of view, and Gina from hers; the two versions, supplementing and correcting each other, and bringing in a great deal of explanatory matter from the past, make a synthesis which only needs Isobel's epilogue to complete it.

The author cuts down Isobel's contribution: I suspect he would have found her more difficult to tackle than the others, for her character is in some ways an echo and repetition of Jack's. But the whole thing is very neatly worked out, and the dramatic juxtaposition of the two stories takes away any distaste the reader might feel for hearing the same tale told twice over.

**The Evacuee Problem.** Novels about the " phoney war " seem in a sense more out of date than novels about the last war, so great is the change of feeling that has come over the country in the last few months. But even if we cannot all recover its comparatively carefree mood, we can remember it well enough to enjoy Miss Ursula Orange's picture of it in " Tom Tiddler's Ground." Moreover, the evacuee problem, in which the story originates, is still with us; and, besides that, many of the problems with which Miss Orange deals belong to no special epoch. Kind-hearted women have for centuries been entrapped into bigamy by designing men, as Constance was; gay young wives have found widower husbands brooding upon the past as lacking in lover-like qualities, as Caroline found John. The idea that we all keep in our memories some patch of darker hue, which we do not willingly re-visit ourselves, and from which strangers are warned off, is not a new one; but Miss Orange's story breathes new life into it. She does not carry heavy guns, but beneath her colloquial style and informal manner her mind works quickly, and her judgments about human nature, whether expressed by an arrow or a bouquet, or a combination of both, though carelessly delivered, seldom miss their mark.

*One of the important changes in the Government was the amalgamation of the Departments of Shipping and Transport and the appointment of* MR. F. J. LEATHERS *to be Minister of the two. He is a most interesting personality; was one of the closest associates of the first Earl of Inchcape, who thought very highly of him. He began his career as a 5s.-a-week office boy in the offices of the Steamship Owners' Coal Association, now merged with the business of William Cory and Sons, of which he is managing director and deputy chairman. Mr. Leathers, who is to be made a peer and a Privy Councillor, is here seen at home with* MRS. LEATHERS.




THE ROYAL AIR FORCE *has a* SIGNALS BRANCH *just as the Army has, and it has a vital rôle in keeping contact not only with the ground, but with aircraft thousands of feet above, so its precision and efficiency must be, and are, something to marvel at.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

The Bay. By L. A. G. Strong. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)
The Lie Triumphant. By Reyner Barton. (*Chapman and Hall; 8s.*)
Tom Tiddler's Ground. By Ursula Orange. (*Michael Joseph; 8s.*)

*The scenery for the Chelsea A.R.P. Depôt No. 1 " Spitfire Revue " which was illustrated in our issue of May 7, was designed and painted by Mr. Clifford Hall, assisted by Mr. Bill Thatcher.*

*The eleventh of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of " THE SKETCH."*

# FORCES PROGRAMME SINGER NO 1.

VERA LYNN'S *fan mail is a problem. She gets over a hundred letters a week from admirers at home and abroad.*

*Off to the London Palladium for the first house of "Applesauce," with her mother at the gate to watch her start.*

WHENEVER a census is taken on the popularity of the different broadcasters in the Forces programme, up soars the name of VERA LYNN, star of the London Palladium show, "Applesauce." She first entertained an audience at the age of seven, when her talent so impressed an expert tap dancer that he offered to give her lessons. When fifteen she had her own juvenile troupe. Her next engagement was as a vocalist with Howard Baker, and subsequently she sang with Billy Cotton's band

[*Continued below.*

*"All my own work!": Vera Lynn with some of the records of her own songs.*

and with Joe Loss and Ambrose. She has made many stage tours, done a great deal of recording, and been televised. She lives at Barking with her mother, and when she's not singing, finds time to answer her fan mail, embroider, paint and garden—but singing comes first!

*Left: Digging for victory: Vera finds time to plant cabbage seed in her garden at Barking.*

*Giving one of her numbers in "Applesauce," the successful revue at the London Palladium.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS.

# SAM SPEAKING.*

By A. M. BURRAGE.

THE Wrong Number Nuisance, like the ill wind of the proverb, may occasionally be the ally of benevolent Fate. If you don't believe me, ask Sam.

When the thing happened Sam had been back in the office just three minutes, following after his adjournment for lunch. He was due back at two, so that with the above clue to guide him, any person knowing Sam's habits would have no difficulty in fixing the hour precisely at two-fifteen. The telephone-bell close to his desk whirred and buzzed. The buzzing always annoyed Sam, and he looked up.

It was Miss Fulcher's job to look after the telephone, and there was she, right at the other end of the office, talking to Mayland. Sam hated them both. He hated Mayland because he used scent, always wore spats and spoke in the rarefied accents of a chorus lady who had been the dubious associate of bored Oxford undergraduates. He hated Miss Fulcher because all too often she encouraged Mayland's dalliance, while allowing the telephone to split the ears of the more sensitive. Be hanged if he saw why he should answer the 'phone for her; but after all, anything was better than that infernal——

He jumped up and snatched down the receiver.

"Oh, hullo! Sam speaking."

Now our Sam was not thinking. Or if he were, his thoughts turned to clutch at a possible note of interrogation after "speaking." It did not occur to him on the instant that it was rather odd that somebody who knew him well enough to call him by his first name should ring him up at the office and straightway assume that he should be the person to answer.

So "Yes?" he said again.

The Voice spoke clearly and quickly.

"I say, can you do me a monkey—five hundred—each way Harem Attendant in the three o'clock? You've got stacks of time to pass it on, and help yourselves if you want to. Don't let it get back to the course. Is that O.K.?"

"No, it isn't," said Sam. "Who are you and what are you talking about?"

"Aren't you Swiss and Nugent?"

"No, I'm not. I'm English and of the old school. Wrong number, I'm afraid."

"Well, why in Heaven's Antipodes couldn't you say so before?" demanded the other Samuel, and added a crackling oath.

"Try bathing your forehead in weak cocoa," said Samuel to the unheeding receiver, and hung it up. "'Nother wrong number," he remarked to the apathetic ears of those around him.

He was half-way to his place when the full import of what he had heard across the wire struck him like a blow from a coloured heavy-weight champion. He "followed" racing sufficiently to lose occasional bets of half a crown and five shillings at a starting-price office not a hundred yards away. Generally, he left his "instructions" in the letter-box when he returned from lunch. The luncheon interval gave him time to study form and discover the one or two horses which were almost sure to be unfortunate on that particular day. But his credit account was not allowed to exceed five pounds, and although he rarely won, it was seldom that he had to mulct himself of more than fifteen shillings at the week-end.

Now Sam knew very little about racing, except what he had read. But just then there had recently been a boom in the reminiscences of tipsters, bookmakers and professional backers. So much so, that no serious student of literature had any excuse for not knowing the nature of a starting-price "job" and how it is "worked."

His information so far amounted to this—that another Sam, mistaking his own highly respectable office for that of a firm of bookmakers—was willing to back a horse called Harem Attendant to the merry little tune of five hundred pounds each way. Also, he was unwilling that any of his money should be invested on the course, thereby bringing down the price. The bookmakers had been invited to "help themselves," and give the baby—divided into convenient portions—to other hands to hold.

It seemed to him that here was opportunity knocking at his door with the insistence of an overladen bearer of the parcels post on Christmas Eve. Not to every young man of modest means, whose strait way of life lies far from the uncharted ways of those who gamble in thousands, is it given to "get in on the ground floor" of a starting-price job.

He still had his midday paper, and took it crumpled from his pocket. His gaze ran like a devouring flame over the columns until it alighted on the probable starters in the three o'clock race. Yes, there was Harem Attendant, and young Billings was down to ride. Hieroglyphics against its name denoted that in its last three races it had run unplaced, come in third, and run unplaced again. The form was not encouraging; but that meant nothing when real money was on.

Quick thinking was necessary here. He did some of this, and turned to Wilcox, the head of his department.

"I say," he said, "I won't be a jiffy. Left my gloves where I had lunch. Unless I go back now I'll never see 'em again."

"Didn't notice you had any gloves."

"Well, of course you wouldn't—as I've left 'em there."

"All right," said Wilcox. "Well, don't be all night."

Sam sped. The bank which did him the favour of keeping his current—and only—account was only a short distance beyond the premises of his—er—turf accountants. In some respects he was a careful soul, and he knew to a penny how much was in his current—and only—account. £207 3s. 10d.

The fatherly bank manager had once or twice mentioned to him the inestimable advantages of leaving most of it on deposit, whereby he might reap the enormous benefit of unearned increment to the extent of four or five pounds per annum. But Sam wanted his money where he could seize it when opportunity smote upon the door.

So Sam went to the bank, paid twopence for a cheque-form, and made out the cheque for £200, to the bewilderment and consternation of an aged and fatherly cashier, who had issued in his lifetime only two cheques for double figures, one of which had gone to a building society.

"How do you want it?" groaned the aged official, suppressing with great difficulty an impertinent desire to lecture impetuous youth.

"Oh, anyhow—and pretty quick."

"That will leave you a balance of only——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Sam impatiently.

Unwillingly did the fatherly cashier hand over in notes the vast sum of money which surely no sane man who believed in providence would deprive of a bank—except to give to an insurance company.

"You'll find that all right," he said, with a heavy sigh.

Sam answered briefly, and sprinted for the offices of his—ahem—turf accountants. He had never before penetrated to the *sanctum sanctorum*. A bored small boy in blue serge, who sat on the other side of a very small window, inquired his pleasure.

"I want to see one of the partners," he said.

"They're all busy. Racin' now on."

"I know it is. But I must see somebody, all the same. Just mention that I've got two hundred pounds to invest."

The boy hesitated, then rose and went to a door hard by. He opened it and entered, and in doing so let loose a screaming of telephone bells and a nice baritone voice which said: "Very good, Mrs. Smith. That's twenty-five shillings invested altogether. Thank you. Good-bye."

He could not hear what the boy said or what was said to the boy. Presently, however, the boy emerged, and there followed him a neat and lawyer-like man in blue serge.

"Look here," said Sam, "you know me, I think. Got an account with you." He added his name.

"Yes. Well?"

"Want to back a horse in the three o'clock to-day. Much more than my usual. Give you cash."

"That's against our rules."

"Yes, I know it is. That's why your runners go to every pub around here to pick up ready-money bets. Take it or leave it. You've got plenty of time to get rid of it between now and three o'clock if you don't want to stick it."

The other considered for a moment. "Well, that'll be all right. How much do you want on? What's the horse?"

"A hundred pounds each way——"

"*What?*"

"Oh, here's the money. Count it, please. And the horse is Harem Attendant."

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

" O-oh," said the turf commission agent thoughtfully, and glanced at Sam sharply from under raised eyebrows.

Sam found himself quoting self-importantly the identical words of that other and mysterious Samuel.

" You 've got stacks of time to pass it on and help yourselves if you want to. Don't let it get back to the course. Is that O.K. ? "

" Ye-es. It 's O.K. Er—what do you know about it ? "

" Sorry. Can't tell you where I got my information."

" Right-ho. Well, you can have our cheque to-morrow if you win, this being a cash transaction. Good afternoon."

It is not given to every young man of modest means to throw a starting-price office in a fair way of business into something like consternation. But Sam was not there to see it or to hear the hasty demands for trunk calls already booked and the verbal outflow of money. Few bookmakers desire to find themselves lumbered with such a sum on a " dark one " in a small race. Most of the money was split into tenners and got itself comfortably submerged in the great pool.

Sam, on his way back to his place of business, felt come upon him a great and sudden sinking of the heart. He had had the good sense not to let remorse interfere with him until he had safely burned his boats. Now that the boats were burned he had time for the luxury of repentance.

How often had he been compelled to read the same sad story in pious books which haunted the Sundays of his youth. The weak and well-meaning juvenile lead—for you couldn't call him hero—always won a bit until he went all out for the big stuff, and then it was a real shame to think of what he did to the petty cash at the office.

Well, so far he had left the petty cash alone, and had no intention of touching it. But *facilis descensus Averni*. The ghosts of all the maiden aunts who used to supply Sunday reading to rebellious youth lurked and followed in his bent shadow, pointing accusing fingers. And so nebulous were these shades that he could not turn on them in the public street and give them the classical invitation to meet him at Philippi—that is to say, without attracting a large and unwelcome amount of public attention.

So he went quietly back to the office and tried to get on with his work. A clock on the wall stuttered and began to strike. Somewhere, if the race were punctual, a fluttering flag had dipped suddenly. Voices had shouted " They 're off ! ", and then a weird silence had suddenly fallen upon the devotees of the sport of kings—and a silence broken only by the weather-worn throats of gentlemen still willing to lay the odds.

Which one were they shouting now, after that first voice raised in the solemn hush which passionately inquired : " 'Ere, wot 's that thing out in front on the rails ? " Was it ? Could it be ? And if it wasn't, oh, help !

A quarter-past three. Already the newsboys had started to rush yelling out of Fleet Street, with warm papers smelling of new ink, and something hastily printed in the stop-press column. " *Three o'clock winner ! Three o'clock winner !* " He could hear them as the fever-stricken girl in Lucknow heard the Highland pipes beyond the River Gumti.

They were coming nearer now, those papers. Vans were dumping them. All along the way boys were staggering into shops with bundles, and rushing out with armloads to sell.

Wasn't that an echo from outside ? The echo of a boy shouting ? This was unbearable.

He muttered something about being sticky and wanting a wash. Controlling his limbs he went quietly to the door.

Outside he ran down the stairs and out into the street. There was a newsboy coming towards him. He tendered a penny.

" Three o'clock winner ? " he asked.

" Yus—Stand in the Corner won it. You won't find it there. Just sold out o' *them*."

He took it so well that the newsboy, preoccupied with his own affairs, could not have guessed that he had delivered anything in the nature of a serious blow.

" What was second and third ? "

" Fergit," said the boy with inhuman apathy, and passed on.

So the good thing had gone the same way as so many good things in the queer world, human and equine, mundane and spiritual. Well, there was hope yet as regards the place-money. Yes, but how much hope—or, rather, how little ? He had heard that when the professionals backed a horse it either won or ran nowhere. In his cold unhappiness he forgot that his namesake—obviously a professional—had backed the horse each way.

Well, he knew the worst now, and he must take his medicine. He would stop thinking about the savings of years and a certain girl with whom he sometimes danced on Saturdays in his local Palais de Danse. If he had been fool enough to gamble he could at least pay for his folly.

Turning back, he disdained to clutch at the straw of Objection. Even had the winner been disqualified—a rare happening to-day—what right had he to suppose that Harem Attendant had run second, or third or fourth ? No ; these dramatic disqualifications happened only in another school of fiction, after the wicked gambler, on hearing the result, had too precipitately committed suicide.

So he went quietly back to his place in the office and, save that he was quieter than usual, nobody noticed anything remarkable in his manner. He held to his heart an old proverb : " Money lost, little lost : honour lost, much lost : courage lost, all lost."

Well, he had only lost the first and least of these three. No, and he must not—would not—think of the dozens of good times he might have had.

An hour dragged by. Afton, after muttered conversation with the head clerk, went shoving past him to the door.

" Here, where are you going ? " he asked abruptly.

" Got to go out for his nibs. Only just round the corner. Shan't be a minute."

Sam handed the younger man a penny. " Mind bringing back an evening paper ? " he asked. " The latest."

A quarter of an hour passed. Afton made a practice of never leaving the office without finding time for a cigarette and a cup of tea at the shop on the corner. His absences could therefore be estimated at between fifteen and twenty minutes, for it took him somewhere between those times to smoke a cigarette.

He came back at the end of eighteen and a half minutes, and dumped the paper without comment in front of Sam. Sam picked it up, unfolded it, and turned it over.

The words did not swim before his eyes, as words swam before the eyes of the greatly moved in his favourite works of fiction. Indeed, they came accommodatingly to meet him and seemed to be printed with more than their usual clarity.

" Harem Attendant . . . 3." *Phew !*

Now, how many runners ? In pity's name, how many runners ? He began to count. . . . Just eight. Oh, Lord, had he counted something twice ? No, eight. Thank Heaven, eight ! And now the price.

The price ? The price ? Where was the price in that jumble of stop-press ? Oh, there it was at last—9 to 2. So he hadn't lost at all. He 'd won. He 'd actually won *something*.

On an ordinary occasion he would have done the sum in his head and in one second. Now he had to scrawl and scribble with a pencil on a sheet of scrap paper, and get fantastic results which reason instantly rejected. It took him two minutes to work it out. His money was coming back to him in full, plus twelve pounds ten.

A voice spoke at his elbow. " Are you in love or something ? " it asked.

" You have surprised my secret," said Sam. " And I don't mind telling you that my love is reciprocated. And who could blame the dear girl ? But why do you ask ? "

" I thought you uttered rather a hefty sigh just then."

" The weather," said Sam, " is warm. But," he added, " not half so warm as the water I 've just swum out of."

He rose and walked over to Afton's desk.

" You brought me," he said, with great mock severity, " good tidings in our favourite evening journal. I know that when you leave here your custom—your vile habit—is to fill your face with coffee and poached egg in a cellar full of green tiles where men play chess. To-night you shall have your coffee and poached egg—or eggs, if you like—at my expense. I have won money. On an 'orse. Or on a norse, if you prefer it. Twelve pounds ten."

" Good heavens ! " Afton's eyes were slightly dilated. His gambling was strictly limited to shillings on the Derby and Grand National—shillings which he philosophically and prophetically kissed good-bye. His knowledge and experience of racing were otherwise nil.

" You must have had an awful lot on ! " said the innocent Afton. " Ten bob at least."

" Yes, it was at least ten bob."

" Well, I can't think how you sat down under the strain and did your work."

" I own I was a bit anxious," the gambler confessed. " I think I shall really have to give it up."

Afton was a very good young man, but tender with sinners who did nothing worse than smoke cigarettes and sneak a bit of time out of office hours.

" Ah ! " he said sadly, and shook his head. " That 's what you all say ! "

" At least," the sinner had the grace to amend, " except when I come to hear of something specially good. Like to-day, for instance."

[THE END.

*Big John McMasters* (CLARK GABLE) *and fascinating oil-information spy, Karen Vanmeer* (HEDY LAMARR).

*Striking oil! Square John Sand* (SPENCER TRACY) *and his partner, Big John McMasters.*

# STRIKING OIL WITH A WORLD-FAMOUS FILM QUARTET.

"BOOM TOWN," the new M.-G.-M. big-scale picture, was due at the Empire last Friday, May 9. It's a most stirring, colourful drama of the quest for oil—the chief source of worldly power to-day—and is set in a Texas oil town in the boom year of 1919. Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy are the four leading characters, whose quadrangular love-affairs are closely woven into the story. The big sequences of the picture include a colossal oil-well fire, and a tremendous fight between Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy as the partners, Big John and Square John.

*The tough partners, Square John Sand and Big John McMasters.*

*Square John Sand* (SPENCER TRACY) *and the dangerous siren Karen* (HEDY LAMARR).

*Big John McMasters realises that his wife Betsy is the only woman he really cares for, though he has wandered and strayed a bit.*

*Square John and Big John with Luther Aldrich* (FRANK MORGAN), *whom they induce to advance equipment for their oil-drilling.*

# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"SO would you," The Jobber retorted, "if you had come off fire-watching at five ack emma this morning. You 'd look a bit puffy, as you call it, under the eyes and—what was it ?—a trifle wan about the cheeks. Any further compliments ?"

"Nothing very strenuous, is it ?" asked The Engineer. "My daughter has taken it on and——"

"It 's not a woman's job, my boy, although lots of the plucky souls are doing it. Sometimes I wonder why the men let them take the duty. I must say I raise my tin hat to the girls. What 's more, plenty of them have no tin hats themselves, but they go out all the same."

"What will be the effect of this air-raid business upon the insurance companies' earnings ?" The Merchant enquired. "Won't it hit the companies pretty hard ?"

"Impossible to say," The Broker replied. "Nobody can tell. All I know is that if there is any slant in prices of insurance shares, buyers always seem to come in. Most of them want to buy half a crown for two-and-threepence. But the market doesn't dry up : if there are sellers about you can generally make a buyer."

"I thought the shares were difficult to deal in ?" queried The City Editor.

"So they are. It 's a matter of taking trouble and exercising patience. Prices don't go down to any material extent, you may have noticed, although the companies must find it hard to keep up a profitable rate of interest on their investments."

"Why have banking shares been so dull lately ?" The Merchant wanted to know. "I see that the partly-paid shares even of our Big Five now pay five per cent. on the money. That 's an unusually high return for them, isn't it ?"

"Some of the shares yield over five per cent.," The Broker observed. "I suppose that people think the banks may reduce their dividends. You couldn't have more solid investments than the shares of our best banks and front-rank insurance companies, but, after all, dividend considerations have to be taken into account, you know."

"You 're probably right," The City Editor agreed. "Shares with a variable dividend—some of them partly paid——"

"Yes ; that 's another thing. And the man in the street argues that a five-per-cent. yield is no more than half that rate net, allowing for income tax."

"He can get a good industrial to give him seven or eight. Look at Ever Ready Ordinary : they pay——What did I do with that investment list ?"

"Put it in your gas-mask case, I guess," The Jobber suggested.

"Ah, so I did." He opened the case and—

"Here we are," said he, producing the familiar blue-covered booklet. "Ever Ready," he read, "pay about eight per cent. on the money. The year's figures were published at the end of last month and they came out jolly well."

"So did Timothy White's, the chemists. And those shares give about eight per cent. too."

"You can't compare companies of that kind, however good they are, with banks or insurance."

"Sad news about Queen Anne, isn't it ?" said The Jobber. "I hear she 's dead."

"Is that so ? I missed the eight o'clock wireless this morning. Overslept myself after I came off the fire-watching."

"So you 're another of us, are you ? Brokie hasn't noticed your puffy eyes and the wan chin——"

"Ever Ready shares and Timothy Whites," The Broker calmly went on, "are typical examples of good industrial investments, but they don't come out of the top shelf where we keep banking and insurance shares."

"You ought to have a bargain basement," said The Merchant, "and give it plenty of publicity."

"There are numbers of bargains in the West African tin share market," The City Editor observed.

"That 's not a bad example," The Broker agreed. "Some of those low-priced West African tins are sticking out a mile."

"Perhaps that 's why people don't buy them. A mile is too far for anyone to see the shares."

"But you can get between ten and twenty per cent. yields from tin shares in that market. Yet I 'm told there isn't a bargain doing."

"Would you prefer gold or tin to rubber ?"

"I don't know. We might have separate counters for them in our bargain basement. And another for shares in Russian oil companies."

"Which you could do up in bundles and offer at so much per hundred instead of per share."

"Rubber and gold and tin pay you whacking big dividends, and the Russians don't," The Broker objected.

"If you get no dividend, you pay no income tax on it, so you save money like that," remarked The Jobber. "Have you noticed how the present taxes work out in the case of wealthy people ?"

"They pay 19s. 6d. in the pound, don't they ?"

"So Kingsley Wood says. Now, if I were a rich man and went to consult a fashionable physician, also wealthy, what do you reckon his five-guinea fee would cost me ?"

"Twenty pounds ?" asked The Merchant.

"Two hundred guineas. Out of £210, I am allowed to keep sixpence in the pound. That is exactly the five guineas which I hand over to the vet."

"And if he also pays 19s. 6d. in the pound ?"

"My five guineas are worth to him just two-and-sevenpence ha'penny. My two hundred guineas is therefore represented by his 2s. 7½d. net. Work it out for yourselves."

The Broker checked the calculation. "You 're quite right," he confirmed. "Jove ! It almost reconciles me to having made a loss instead of a profit last year !"

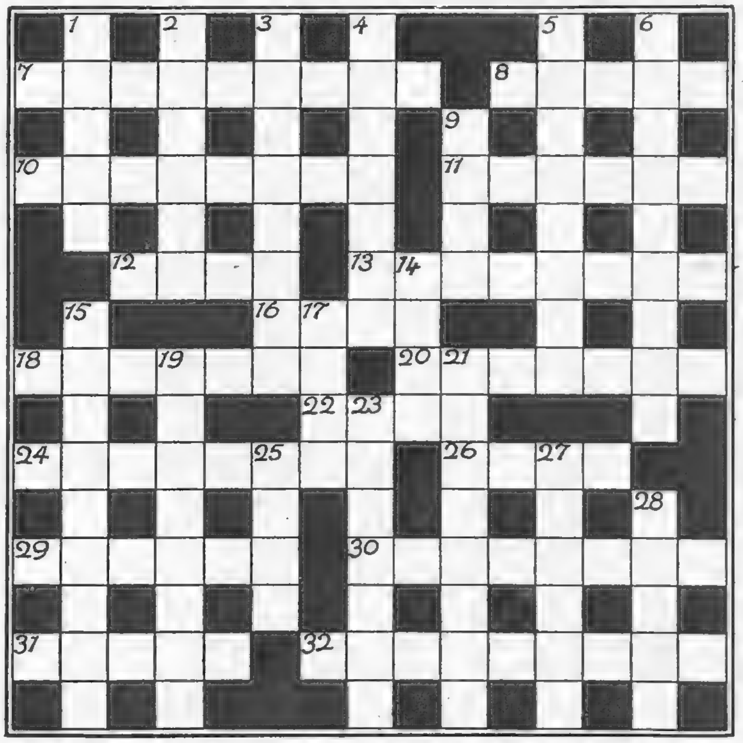
"Some of you must be doing very well," said The Engineer. "I see that your Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund raked in over twenty-five thousand pounds the other day."

"That was the annual collection. Do you remember the year when the Stock Exchange Derby Sweep sold a million tickets of £1 each, and gave £21,000 to the Stock Exchange Benevolent collection : part of the £100,000 that the Sweep handed over to charities ?"

"Remember ? I should think I do ? It was in 1929. And *The Sketch* had a picture of the drawing for the allotments. That is the only time I have ever been in *The Sketch*," said The ———.

*Friday, May 9, 1941.*

## "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



**ACROSS.**

7. Does the sub-editor wrinkle his brows while he thinks these out ? (9).
8. Taken by people who want a good hiding (5).
10. Risky result of cutting up pure soil (8).
11. Human beings who read like half a hundred donkeys (6).
12. What you want is at hand (4).
13. Evidently doesn't require an appetiser (8).
16. Adversity's are sweet, we are told (4).
18. If you want a variety of recreation, sip meat (7).
20. Lie in your throat (7).
22. Pity is to love (4).
24. Job's cost (8).
26. Somewhat ancient see (4).
29. Won't help a corpulent tenor to reduce his weight (6).
30. None girt in gas (8).
31. The value of thoughts ? (5).
32. A single soldier on parade, a recordless record holder (two words ; 5, 4).

**DOWN.**

1. "After life's fitful ——— he sleeps well" (Macbeth ; 5).
2. Counsel points to our age ending with wickedness (6).
3. A covering that starts with nothing backwards and nothing either way (8).
4. Shakespeare wrote this for this (7).
5. Agrees (8).
6. In South America (9).
9. One of a European race (4).
14. Bit of elastic (4).
15. Wholesale murders will make an ass scream (9).
17. The politician stands to get it (4).
19. Not worth mentioning (8).
21. Just about David's weight ? (two words ; 3, 5).
23. Distemper is not recommended as treatment for their walls (7).
25. To boot (4).
27. Often convincing but open to correction (6).
28. Here 's a pretty girl (5).

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER

IN the Mess, in Hotels, Restaurants and Bars—no less than in the Home—the call is for Whitbread's superb Pale Ale. Brewed from British hops and barley; appetising, refreshing, stimulating; Whitbread's superb Pale Ale is more popular than ever.

# WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

BREWED & BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD & CO., LTD., LONDON, E.C.1.

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## SLIM MEDIUM & BROAD on the "Home" Front

You can forget your feet if you wear Wearra.

Wearra Shoes supply perfect foot-comfort by giving your correct shoe-fitting. Made in *sizes* and *half-sizes*, each in three fittings — *slim*, *medium* and *broad*.

And as smart as they are good. Three American-style models in choicest black or tan leather, made by British craftsmen.

## Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES FOR MEN

**H. L. S. says:**
Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers:
**JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.**
**(Dept.S) Irthlingborough**
**NORTHAMPTONshire.**

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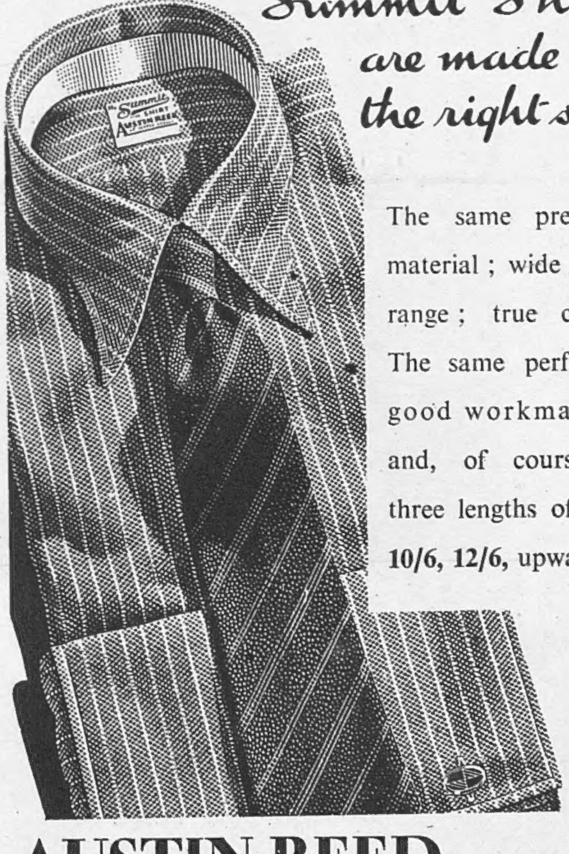
## *Summit Shirts are made of the right stuff*




The same pre-shrunk material; wide pattern range; true colours! The same perfect fit; good workmanship; and, of course, still three lengths of sleeve. **10/6, 12/6,** upwards.

## AUSTIN REED OF REGENT STREET

Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton.

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## completes the perfect breakfast

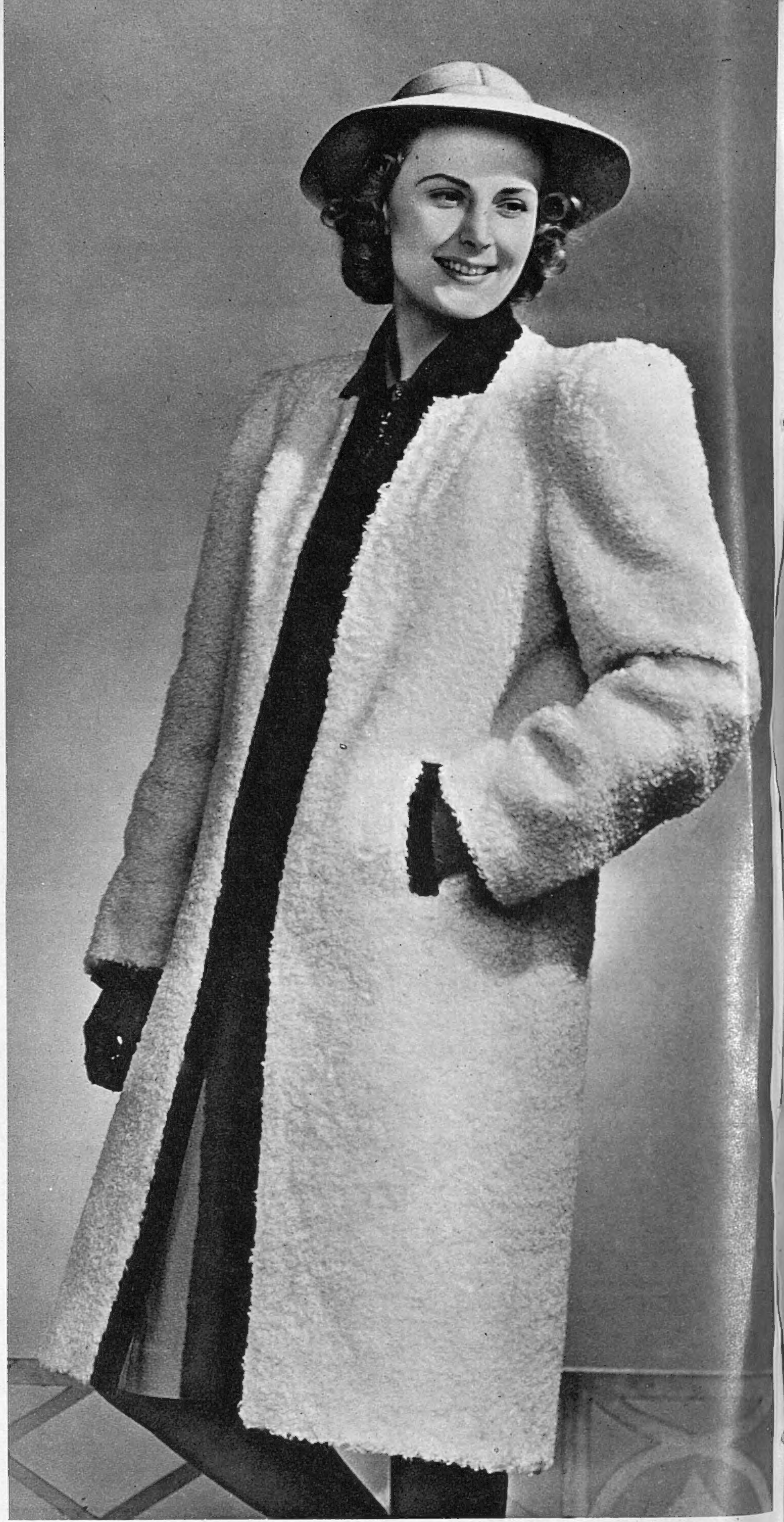
Smee's

WOMEN IN WARTIME

# PRACTICAL PLANNING

## HARD-WEARING CLOTHES CAN STILL LOOK GAY

EVEN before it became impossible to obtain pure silk, many designers were choosing British rayons because of their excellent texture and wearing qualities. This spring's varied and original collection of "Tested-Quality" materials, made with Courtauld's rayon, is an impressive example of how fabric manufacturers are dealing with wartime difficulties. There are gay, unusual prints, clever flower designs, and lingerie fabrics in a surprising range of colours. The bolero dress below shows how successfully a "Tested-Quality" crêpe made with Courtauld's rayon can be handled.



HERE is a coat designed by someone who understands the English climate. Warm days often lead to chilly evenings, and even the sunshine cannot keep the wind away, but this white fur fabric, like curly lamb, keeps you warm and still looks light and summery. The coat is skilfully tailored, hanging well from a broad shoulder-line, its navy edges just meeting in front. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, have it for eight guineas, one of an attractive collection of coats for all occasions.

## HOW WAS YOUR HEAD THIS MORNING?

When you wake up with a head you can hardly lift, when your brain won't concentrate and you hate the thought of getting up, it's a sign of acidity. A disturbed night or overwork, overworry, getting too tired, smoking too much, even drinking too much, has caused an "acid condition."

It's not much good taking something to ease this pain for half an hour, if it leaves the condition untouched. That's one time to take a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the best remedy of all for any sort of headache. It stops the pain like magic and at the same time it definitely counteracts the excess acidity, so that your brain gets clear and alert and you feel better in every way. Remember 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no Aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effects. It's simply a grand twofold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells, or any chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCXCIX.

THE NEGATIVE DOUBLE!

FROM time to time I have received letters of a not very flattering nature about my views on the informative double. You know, I hope, that I consider this one of the worst bids at contract. My critics, who, on the other hand, consider it a most useful and necessary bid (and they are, of course, just as entitled to their opinion as I am to mine), say I am prejudiced and see the bid from a wrong angle—or, to be frank, am talking rubbish and, in effect, know little or nothing about the correct handling of this double. Well, perhaps they are right, but although I am given hands—from actual play, too—proving the efficacy of the informative double, I am still unconvinced. Mind you, I have never tried to make out that the bid fails on every occasion—all bids, no matter how fantastic, succeed at times—what I have said, and stick to, is that results are satisfactory only when the final contract has been arrived at quite irrespective of the intervening double, or when doubler's partner would have been justified in making a bid on his own anyhow. In other words, when the bid does not meet with trouble, the double has been a wash-out, and this no doubt is why the informative double is often called the "negative double"! Such being my opinion, I am all the more pleased to show a hand sent by a correspondent, on which the informative double was a distinct success, and the success was entirely due to the double. (This shows that I am not right all the time!)

SPADES—K, 3, 2.
HEARTS—None.
CLUBS—A, Q, 9, 8, 7, 3.
DIAMONDS—K, Kn, 8, 6.

N

SPADES—Q, Kn.
HEARTS—A, Q, 9, 8, 5.
CLUBS—10, 6, 5, 4.
DIAMONDS—A, 2.

W E

SPADES—10, 9, 6.
HEARTS—K, 6, 4, 3, 2.
CLUBS—Kn, 2.
DIAMONDS—Q, 5, 3.

S

SPADES—A, 8, 7, 5, 4.
HEARTS—Kn, 10, 7.
CLUBS—K.
DIAMONDS—10, 9, 7, 4.

The bidding was: West, one heart; North, double; East, four hearts; South, four spades.

West led the queen of spades, and the contract was made. Far be it from me to criticise the bidding. I will content myself by saying that East was rather dashing to bid four hearts, and South very plucky to bid four spades. Also, it would be interesting to work out what would have happened if East's and South's cards were interchanged.

Then, I suppose, East would pass, and so would South (for penalties), and West would make at least eight tricks. Not so satisfactory—but there, I suppose I really do know nothing about the inner working of the informative double, for here is another example set up by contract experts in a Waddington Par Competition—

N

SPADES—A, Kn, 8, 5.
HEARTS—A, 10, 7, 6.
CLUBS—A, Kn, 9.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 3.

W E

SPADES—6, 3.
HEARTS—8, 4.
CLUBS—7, 5, 4, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—7, 6, 4, 2.

S

South bid a diamond; West, double; North, re-double. East bid two clubs! This was doubled, and 800 points were lost. To my way of thinking, if ever there was a lucky "get-out" for East, this was it. The re-double cleared him of responsibility, and it was up to his partner to rescue with a heart, a spade, or leave in the re-double—or allow the opposition to continue bidding, and that couldn't do much harm. Still, this hand is headed "No Escape," and the comment is: "East can only bid two clubs and *hope for the best*"!

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 7.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Controversies. 10. Dado. 11. Smart. 12. Aram. 14. Iron. 15. Eli. 16. Nile. 17. Salad. 19. G.E.C. 21. Cud. 22. Great-aunt. 23. Repeat. 25. Posset. 27. Ada. 29. Prestidigitator. 30. One. 32. Act. 34. Cry. 36. Tar. 37. Rural. 38. Nun. 39. Beatifier. 41. Osprey. 43. Piazza. 45. Nora. 46. End. 47. Noon. 48. Manifestation.

DOWN.—1. Carafe. 2. Odol. 3. Nonage. 4. Omega. 5. Valetudinarians. 6. Erica. 7. Ian. 8. Eric. 9. Salute. 10. Disproportion. 13. Mediterranean. 18. Drastic. 20. Snorter. 24. Plea. 26. Site. 27. Ado. 28. Age. 31. Ransom. 33. Tray. 34. Clip. 35. Curzon. 39. Bran. 40. Rani. 42. P.R.A. 44. Zoo.

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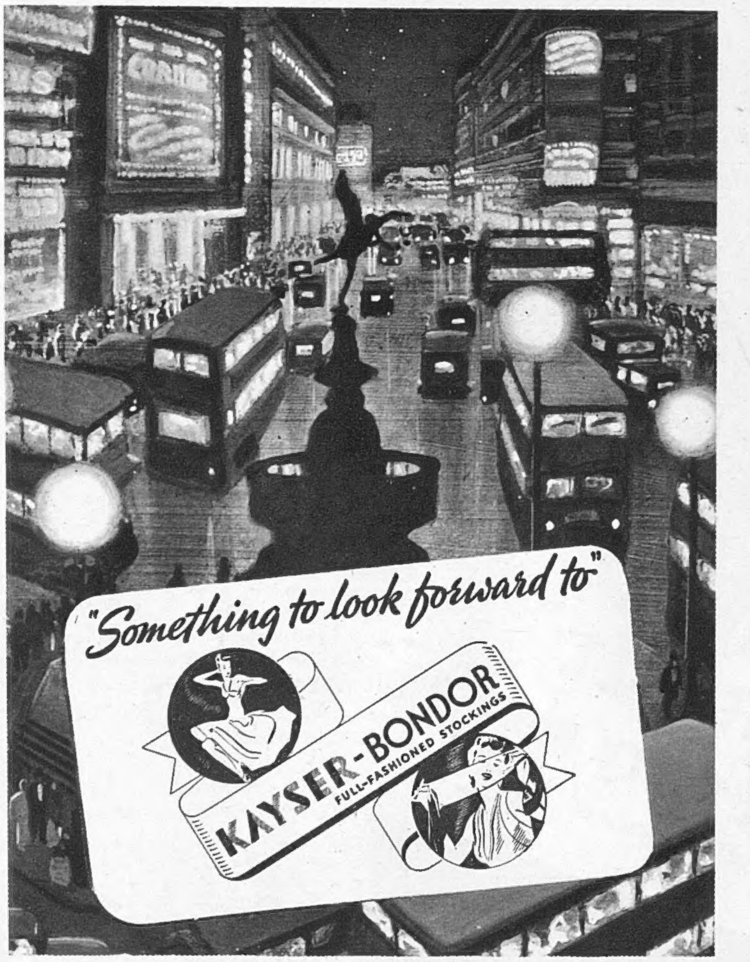



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